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ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

JUNE AND JULY, 1852.

CHRIST THE PACIFICATOR.

Address before the American Peace Society, May 24, 1852

BY REV. FREDERICK D. HUNTINGTON.

IN order to give a series of pleas any cumulative energy, there should be some distribution of the several arguments. The Society that makes its yearly exposition here to-night, would do itself, I conceive, only a partial justice, if it were to traverse, with each recurrence of its anniversary, the same field of illustration, or multiply evidence against the same traits of the great organized Crime it has arraigned for trial. Nor can any association among us better afford such a division than this. Each of its eminent counsel has so completed his own task as to leave his successors free for fresh departments of the cause. The War of Troy was celebrated in a succession of Greek Epics, called, as being only repetitions of one another, the Cyclic Poems. The Peace of Christendom is a wealthier theme ; and it needs little ingenuity in its advocates to diversify its appeals.

Indeed, the Cause is so far from being stereotyped in its methods of impression, that it offers some new aspect, and claims another hearing, with every shifting of the signals or of positions, in public affairs. Every movement that would justify itself as a Reform must be ready to take up events as they arrive, put on them a consistent interpretation, and reconcile them, if it can, with its maxims. It must be elastic enough to take the pressure of the times without losing, in any fibre, the vitality of its principle ; assimilating enough to turn all surprises into nutriment ; and while it shows the prehensile faculty that reaches out to seize up every passing Providence for use, reserves an inflexible steadiness of aim.

The movement for International Pacification satisfies these conditions. It invites all tests, and all constructions. It loses nothing by the multiplying of lights for scrutiny, but courts it, rather ; for it knows that in the fulness of knowledge stands the certain confession of its beauty. It has nothing to fear from the unfolding of history ; because Time is its sure witness, and in the Future are laid up its confident hopes.

Let me not ask for it extravagant or exclusive honors. It can afford to be just in its pretensions, as well as liberal in its persuasions. I do not hold it to be the foremost object in the compass of Christian Redemption ; but it is necessary and ministerial to the achievement of the foremost. I do not believe it to be final or permanent ; on the contrary, as an agitation, it must have ended before the real Reign of Justice is begun. The true office of peace measures, I conceive, is to clear the continents for the free working of the Law of Christ. Never to be ranked, for a moment, as an end, Peace is the most essential of preparations. It proposes to renew the air, purifying it of the sulphurous exhalations and smoke of battles—for the Christian virtues to thrive in, to maturity. It wants to hush the hurricanes, that the harvests of Heaven may ripen over all the vineyard of the world.

This defines the central idea out of which I wish to let the discussion grow. Christ is the Great Pacificator among the nations. Peace, as a cause, is but a servant to the Messiah. Its principles have their first value as expressions of his Love. Its spirit is the inspiration of his Divinity. Its enterprises are chiefly significant as apostles of his Doctrine. This Society is nothing, save as it honors his Church. Its force is but a whiff of passing wind, except as it rests on the authority of his Truth, and prays reverently for *the advance of his kingdom*, as the consummation of all its plans. I acknowledge finding no other authority that will support without fallacy the premises of the argument. The best possible advocacy will have been given, when our studies have placed the Image of the Mediator in the centre of Governments ; and the only voice that will be able to convince Legislation, and forbid armies, is the voice of Jesus of Nazareth.

The providential methods of exterminating evils, are not always apparently direct. For the abolition of war, Christianity brings

into the field a mighty array of secondary agencies,—secondary as regards this special result, but primary in the broad fulfilment of its general designs; negative as against war, which they are incidentally crowding out of civilized society, but positive as towards the welfare of humanity, which involves that banishment. It will be my first endeavor to fix attention on these great ameliorating and pacifying Christian forces, — the special charge of Christianity, — the special keepers of human hope, — the special prophets of reconciliation; and to show that in proportion as we stimulate their healthful energies, making them absorb the world's blood, occupy its hands, exhaust its thought, and fill its life, — so we shall practically promote the overthrow of the empire of arms.

Preliminary to this are a few qualifications, or disclaimers, necessary to an unambiguous exposition of the subject.

And first, I lay aside, not from any contempt for their accuracy or their legitimate influence, but from a distrust of their conclusiveness, the economics of the question. The essential matter is of too much magnitude to suffer compromise, by allowing great prominence to an argument merely financial. Prone as the tendencies of the times are to reckon a principle by its cost and returns, and so to deal with virtue itself as a species of investment, — we are guilty of treachery to Eternal Laws, when we let down a high moral issue to be tried on that level. Navies and armies are never to be disbanded by calculations of their expense. The question will be, after all, — What is the money paid for? not, — How much is spent? You may instance the six billions standing War Debt of Europe, enough to lift every pauper there to independence; the three hundred millions annual interest on it, with its enormous and impoverishing taxation; the debt of five billions rolled by war on the shoulders of Great Britain in a little more than a century and a half, — more than all the coin in circulation on the globe; the two hundred millions annual cost of the existing military system to the English people — being ninefold that of all the civil departments of the Government; the twenty-one millions a year wasted from the national treasury of the United States, four-fifths of all the public outlay of the nation; the seventeen hundred and thirty-five millions lavished in fifty-four years on

preparations for hostilities ; you may compare the amounts thrown to the dogs of War with those grudged to Education or Missions, — you may add, in your tables, militia, military schools, navies, forts, arsenals, and pile the aggregates of centuries and countries together, till the brain of Bowditch would reel under the figures. What then ? The question returns, Expenditure for what ? The difficulty runs deeper than dollars. God does not mean we shall solve moral problems by fiscal arithmetic. You must carry your appeal back, from the Exchequer, the Budget, and the Taxation-list, to the Gospel.

The truth is, there are not only certain principles in the universe, there are certain passions in human nature, stronger than thrift ; and not be uprooted nor frightened by a bill of costs. Prove, as by simple mathematics you can, that the sum which goes for the world's embroilment, and for those great kennels of blood-suckers, standing-armies,—will educate, year by year, every child on the planet. Your demonstration fails to dissolve the system, for two reasons : 1. That this fine on the people's ignorance is wrung out of their sinews by a circuitious process, and the way the laborer's shillings take to the quarter-master is hidden from his eyes ; and 2, That there is a provincial pride, a perverted sense of country, and a hatred that retaliates insult, more coercive than the shrewdest prudence. An angry man will not always be balked of his revenge to save his fortune ; and the dismal crowds of London that vibrate between hanging to life by crime, and hanging to death for it, will yet throw up their tattered caps in ecstasy at a glimpse of the conqueror of Waterloo. We come back to our position—that the only power on earth that can *be trusted* to overmaster the appetite for war, is Christian conviction.

It is a curious fact that there are certain just ideas which never encounter a theoretic opposition that is appreciable, and yet fail to dislodge their opposites. Peace is one of them ;—for those thin apologies sometimes vented in pulpits called military sermons,—whose loyalty any honest soldier will scorn,—are not to be reckoned among appreciable quantities. Bloodshed is logically exterminated by the Peace Society, year after year ; there is reasoning in your treatises that no disputant has refuted, nor can

refute ; a triumphant fire of zeal that no man hath tamed nor can tame. The gauntlet is thrown down ; the facts are not disowned ; the case is proved ; and the hydra is dialectically dead ; yet does not die. The presumption arises that it does not find its support in reason, at all, but in the inferior, undefended, yet long-surviving instincts of a mixed nature. As these care more for indulgence than for self-vindication, the evil lives on. War has no other defenders at the court of reason than the imperious passions of an emergency. Rapacity and ambition are the advocates that befit such a client. An injury to be rebuffed, territory to be snatched, an outstanding account to be collected, by paying ten times its value and a creditor's compromise afterwards,—these are its only excuse,—valid while the blood is up and the head hot, but collapsed sophisms when the provocation has gone by. Economy is no equal to cope with a custom like this ; nothing is, but a Christian conscience.

Another common strategem against fighting, which must be in great part relinquished, I think, is the exhibition of the statistics of slaughter, and its attendant carnival of horrors. War will not be shamed out of being by any catalogue of its physical mischiefs, any more than Don Juan by the catalogues of his triumphs in a contiguous field,—nor silenced by the sepulchral enumeration of its dead. We have all added it, in our childhood, how the three great captains of the earth have murdered six millions of its people ; but probably no one of us was ever checked in any headstrong emotion, or dissuaded from carrying a musket, by the appalling platoon of cyphers. I tell you of the five hundred thousand that perished in Napoleon's Russian campaign,—of the ninety thousand at Austerlitz, Jena and Lutzen, of the eighty thousand at Borodino, of the six millions that fell in Europe in the first twenty years of this century, of the thirty-five thousand millions, that, by the reckoning of Burke, compose the holocaust from the beginning. It is an awful aggregation of agonies. But I expect your nerves to feel no perceptible recoil at it. It is not in human imagination so to take up tortures and wo and death-struggles, in masses, and to feel all or any considerable portion of that weight of quivering muscles on our own. If it were, the whole race would exclaim at once, as William Pitt did of the slave-trade, "The

thought of it is beyond human endurance." Besides, no man has gone far into his life, I hope, without discovering many things for which he would be quite willing his body should die ; and what is good for him, may be good for one by one of six or sixty thousand millions. The question for War, remember, is not whether there are not things for which a man may be willing to die ; but whether there are things for which host may ever say to host, "Thou shalt die or yield ;" and so suspend the issues of right, on the brutal accidents of the field.

Again, no ardor enlisted for a specific movement like this should trench on a profound respect for the Law of relative proportions in all Reform. That it is unphilosophical in principle, as well as disappointing to effort, to push a single improvement far out of the line of general progress, is now one of the common-places in social science. The war-passions are not radically distinct from other vicious passions of human nature. The bad blood that would pour murder into speech, and scatter wrath and scandal into controversy, is of one brood with the butcheries of the armed engagement. But surely this is no reason why a fierce embodiment of those passions, in a powerful system, should not be dissolved. It is bad economy to tolerate one of the worst institutions of depravity, because depravity itself is not utterly and forever eradicated. And so we shall see, in the sequel, that it is quite according to the providential policy, when the passions organize a special power for their purposes, like War, to organize a special power, like Peace, to break it down.

I confess, I cannot help an impression of consummate meanness, when a man, in Congress or cabin, persists in insult and slander, taking advantage of a non-resistant scruple to protect himself from a personal correction. The abolition of battles will be advanced, in the ratio of the universal increase of spiritual insight, or the habit of viewing facts in their relation to moral ideas.

Now, if the mere preservation of mortal life and its adjacent welfare were the object, a large social sagacity would enjoin other, as efficient agents, as a suppression of arms. It has been shown, for example, by a wholly trustworthy master of statistics, Quetelet, a Belgian, in a series of tables, that the rate of mortality in a people bears a regular ratio to the extent of education, and an enlightened obedience to the normal conditions of life. In the

manufacturing districts of England, the proportion of deaths to those in the agricultural, is as thirty-three to nineteen. In the healthier parts of Boston, one person out of seventy-four dies annually; in the filthiest sections, one in every seventeen; among the West-Indian negroes, one in every five or six. The English Equitable Insurance Company reports that the annual average of deaths in the well-provided classes is only about one and one-fifth per cent. More curious yet, and more strikingly pertinent to the matter in hand, Chateauneuf, another able statistician proves, that the mortality among the soldiery, and that soldiery the French, in a series of years, is little above that of the mass of the people. That is, the bare exemption of the soldier from the distresses of poverty is a physical offset to his exposure to be shot. Doubtless, looking down from the judgment-seat of the Future, the worst enemy of France will be seen to have been its standing army. But is it not the standing infamy of all Christendom, that its inertia and its atheism should let as many of its lives perish for want of wages, work, and intelligence, as are blasted out of being by an engine that has destruction for its full function and design?

On the other hand, however, a Cause that is clearly in the right, by its absolute merits, is not to be kept in abeyance out of politeness to a prevailing darkness, nor out of policy towards prevailing prejudice; and here humanity finds probably the greater danger. To go about restraining any righteous thought, like Peace, which God has let fall on the race, out of deference to the slowness of human progression, will be falsehood to God himself; for then his commissioned messengers would stand waiting for one another to do his will. Non-resistance itself has its reward. As towards the brutal assailant, forbearance may cast its pearls before swine; but the soul within has its score, as well as the enemy without; and the jewels that Love seems to throw aside now are gathered at last into a crown that no man taketh away. Christianity, then, as to the result, as well as the motive, overrules; and while it rises above the consideration for mere vitative continuance of breath, in bringing down its rebuke on war, it refuses to follow the faithless ethics of expediency by holding the truth in suspense.

It is much to be desired, furthermore, that the Friends of Peace

should waste no power in attempts either to discredit, or to explain, the heroisms of the past. Give me the future for Peace, and you may have all the past for any theories, admirations, or hero-worships of War. Only, the exploits of an effete grandeur cannot sanction the repetition of their cruelties in an altered age. Christ has given no liberty to interpret his doctrine by the fashions or fames of epochs,—nor to measure present virtue by popular idols of antiquity, nor to implicate absolute principles in the speculations of men. “Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God.”

Turn, therefore, to the great organic agents of that “kingdom of God,”—or rather to the established powers in society, whereby that kingdom is embodied in institutions,—to see how their healthy action commands a condition of Peace.

First of all we ought to place Civil Governments, because of the direct contact of governments with the origin of warfare, and their prerogative of declaring it, or superseding it. Government is the science of mutual rights. Every advance in its experiments goes to settle this definition into an axiom, and every re-affirmation of that axiom is a fresh “Carthago-est-delenda,” for the institution of national attack and defence. All the tendencies of Christian legislation are confirming the pregnant aphorism of one of the ablest modern writers on Political Ethics, that “The practical ultimatum of politics is to obliterate all unjust action between one man and another, or one body of men and another.” Get this simple maxim, which is only an inevitable corollary from the New Testament, inserted in the charters of States, and War becomes thenceforth unconstitutional, anomalous, treasonable;—treason, by enactment, against the State, as it was before by nature against humanity. It has passed into a proverb, “Inter arma leges silent.” In fact, the identification of Humanity and Law, or the translation of natural justice into the statute-book, is now the problem of all statesmanship that deserves the name.

In the war-system there is no possibility of justice. Discharge it of all that is inequitable, and you do not so much alter as annihilate it. It does not draft its recruits by justice; it does not deal justly by the social obligations of the volunteers it tempts; it does not follow justice in the arrangements of its means and appliances, when justice happens to interfere with its convenience;

it does not punish the guilty, nor exempt the innocent ; it does not prosecute its inroads by justice ; nor does it ensure the ends of justice in its results,—for on the distinct testimony of both Napoleon and Napier, competent witnesses, chance has so liberal a share in its issues, that it is absurd to speak of it as the arbiter of right.

And when the political conscience has discovered that the rule of the strongest muscles is criminal, political sagacity will discover that it is unsafe. Whatever be the strength of a single nation's defences, an alliance of neighboring powers may subjugate it, for a temporary purpose. And if right may ever resort to the umpirage of the sword, then, since total slavery is a worse outrage than colonial subjection, or the non-payment of a claim, an insurrection of the American slaves and general massacre of the masters needs no other justification than a fair prospect of success. It is a singular oversight in the reasonings of our American interventionists, that they do not see how in case of such a conflict, the same principles that will send material aid from Washington or Boston to Hungary, in one emergency, will bring it back from Hungary, or Germany, to Charleston, in another. And so, the Pittsburg muskets and Cincinnati saddles, if not too flimsy for so much service, might return to equip the insurgents of the plantation, and open a fire on our Southern cities. There is no logical security for order any where, but in a patient adherence to the principles of Peace.

Another tendency in governments, favoring Peace, coincident with their growing loyalty to justice, is that towards a distribution of political responsibility. The first problem of modern history was to break up Feudalism, in favor of Monarchy ; to get power out of the wills of a hundred tyrants into the will of one. The fewer caprices, the fewer dangers. In Russia, this process of centralization is still going on. Power has to be monopolized first, that it may be rightly divided afterwards—as waters are gathered in a reservoir, to be scientifically distributed. When the Democracy finally comes, it still brings a multitude of rulers, but with this mighty modification,—they are mutually responsible, and so they are not so many tyrants, but so many servants of the whole. And inasmuch as War is never for the interests of the People at large, you have only to rest the administration in the People, to strangle the custom.

And, then, an attribute of the Military system most offensive to Political science, is the utter absence from it of all constructive energy. It is an unrecompensing consumer ; a stock that sucks up the juices of the land, to yield no fruit ; a beast that fattens on blood, to do no labor, and return no eatable flesh. It organizes, to be sure, in its own fashion, but only for exercises in destruction ; destruction done, its function closes ; and the more effectually it destroys, the more perfect the machine. One of the great ideas that a Christian civilization is domesticating in the hospitality of modern thought, is that the legitimate growth of Commonwealths is not by conquest, but by internal production ; they expand, not by sterile havoc, but by reciprocal exchange. The notion is obsolete, that the dignity of Governments lies in their munitions and armaments. The civilization of this nineteenth century does not subsist by its military establishments, but in spite of them. It does not want them for honor ; it does not want them for safety ; and it is agreed by the wisest thinkers of Europe, that if the European powers persist in holding these establishments fast, ten years longer, they must let go their credit, and be bankrupt, in form as well as in fact.

This leads in the next of the great permanent institutions of Christian Society, working against War—Productive Industry. Mazzini, in one of his stirring manifestoes, eloquent as bugle notes, speaks of “ Human Life manifesting itself, in the plenitude of its capacity, under the action of those great electric currents called Revolutions.” Forgiving a thousand extravagances to exiled Patriotism, we must not suffer these rhetorical Roman candles to fill the air with moral fallacies. Human Life does *not* manifest itself, in the plenitude of its capacity, under the action of Revolutions. That is a narrow interpretation of Humanity, and blasphemy against the Creator. Nor are the burstings and blastings of thunder storms the regular and benignant motion of the vital electric currents. The *plenitude* of human capacity goes only into the bloodless conflicts of creative Labor, and the vital electricity is Brotherly Love.

The sacred metaphor of the old Prophet has its root bedded deep in the nature of things ; for the antagonism is profound and philosophical between the pruning-hook and the spear. No department of production wants the soldier’s help. There is an

eternal and just jealousy between all honest work and a negative idleness ; how much more between work and positive pestilence. Agriculture wants no clotted gore in the chemistry of its soils, no troop of armed men on its hay-fields, no bullets in its orchards, no taxes, hungrier than caterpillars, to consume its fruits. Commerce, sliding its fleets from the harbors of both Continents, into the expanse of all oceans, to be the friendly cup-bearers of harmonious climates, wants no freight of guns ; no embargoes to reduce exports, as our late War with Great Britain did, seventy-five *per cent* in one year ; no bellowing ordnance of hostile frigates, to aggravate the hurricane, and frighten its white-winged merchantmen, like doves, to their windows. It unites its interests with the sweet voice of heavenly wisdom, to bid mankind learn lessons of its ships, and "write their wrongs in water."

Labor is the adopted child of Christianity, one of its affiliated ministers for healing the waste of the sword. In proportion as the gospel has been felt by the people, it has elevated instantly the tone of their occupations. As far as Christ has been suffered to come near the laborer, it has begun to be remembered that he was reared, in the body, under the roof of a carpenter. Accordingly, when the Gospel went out of monks' cells and hierarchies, it took up its abode with toil. The Reformation was the charter of emancipated handicrafts, as well as the republicanizing of ecclesiastical despotism. Through all the commercial cities of Northern Europe, over all its tilled fields and inside its workshops, a new and quickening impulse was felt, waking husbandman and mechanic to a nobler style of life, opening to them original motives for self-respect, and while they were comforted and cheered by feeling themselves disciples of that Father who chose his first apostles from among tent-makers and fishermen, they were ordained to a vocation, not of murderous aggression, but of co-operative goodwill.

One of the boldest arguments for martial expeditions has been, their adaptedness to nurture the hardier qualities of a robust manhood. If it was so once, Christian industry has wrested the apology out of Moloch's armory, and claims the stoutest manliness henceforth for itself. Widening the scope for genius to act in, by its inventions, and exposing prizes enough for emulation in its enterprize, it offers to match antiquity in muscle without borrow-

ing its palaestra. It will find business for the engineering talent of Xenophon himself in the prairies, offer him the Chippeway for his Euxine, and let him parallel the generalship of the Anabasis by conducting a fresh ten thousand of our emigrating Irishmen out of the seaports to Minesota; give Hannibal a chance to repeat his experiment at softening rocks, in western Massachusetts, by tunnelling the Hoosac; and for Xerxes, the great classical canal and bridge builder, provide a pertinent problem in a sub-marine Atlantic Telegraph. We need not go back to camps for those sinewy virtues that are wrung out of resistance.

It has been held as one of the chief rewards of campaigns that they have promoted the mixture of nations. Noble blood, and fine types of the species, come of crossing races. Our modern civilization is the offspring of the inter-marriage of several Teutonic families; and war-makers first introduced the parties. But this mingling of tribes is hereafter to be effected by another agent, just as competent. A new breeder of ethnological affinities has come in, and that is the colony. And whoever maintains that all colonizing necessarily involves armed invasion, both begs the question and contradicts history. Purchase and compact, the methods of mutual stipulation, not selfish aggrandizement, may be slower causes, but they wait on general intelligence, and are sure.

Nothing, therefore, serves the amity of nations more than those cheapened facilities of communication, which are the gift of industrial skill and scientific application. Montesquieu's maxim, that the certain effect of enlarging intercourse is to consolidate Peace, gains illustration every hour. Man must see himself his brother's neighbor, before he learns to love his neighbor as himself. By travelling up and down the earth, on errands of barter and mercy, we may shake the smell of blood out of our garments, and even purge from our Saxon name the original odor that taints it,—Seax, a sword. It is an encouraging sign, that of sixteen thousand Patents issued at the office in Washington, within the last half-century,—the proportion of those intended for husbandry is to those designed for war as nine to one; so that if the very perfection of the modern machinery of slaughter, and the frightful destructiveness of its scientific weapons, do not, as they

promise, finish their own use, — a kind of insinuation that war belongs only to the brute period of pikes and bludgeons, — still, the useful implements will crowd them aside.

Thus, the plea that war is necessary to unlock barbarous countries to let civilization in, — itself more barbarous than any barbarism, serves no longer. If you ask whether the higher forms of civilization will not need battles to install them in place, — then you ask whether it is not wise to republish the message of the angelic chant over Bethlehem out of the muzzles of a park of artillery. Civilization is the creature of Christianity. Christianity is Love. You are no more working in the right line of Providence, when you undertake to propagate Christian ideas by bloodshed, than if you were to preach the Newtonian astronomy by enforcing a Ptolemaic decree. In morals, opposites never coalesce. Because, in other times, God has shaped human wrongs into a background for progress, we are never to confound wrong and progress together. No mistake is more potent in perpetuating abuses than this. If belligerent troops have sometimes thrust the means of a knowledge of Christ into a Pagan territory, let us not celebrate the inroad by worshipping Mars. Civilized President Polk or Secretary Upshur plunges the nation into a war with Mexico. If the Almighty Goodness chooses to leave on the Mexican soil traces of a better state to germinate after the traces of ruin are buried; is that consoling Mercy to be turned into an argument for robbery? Civilization, it seems, has many definitions. Lord Byron once said that the most civil gentleman he ever met in his life picked his pocket, and decidedly the mildest manners he ever met were those of the blood-thirsty and remorseless Ali Pacha. If the victim in such a case happened to catch some grace of gesture from the pickpocket, it will scarcely furnish a justification of larceny. It becomes our Christian manhood to take our rules of duty, not from an ignoble past, but from the everlasting inspiration of the Spirit. And when we turn to the science of life, what is wanted is a deeper study of the world's thoughts, not a repetition, by rote, of its deeds.

A third of the great hopes of Peace, in the powers of society, rests on Literature, including all education by letters. And a half of that hope consists in the fact that such a thing as education is.

Napoleon was not playing a rhetorical trick, either when he declared the instinctive antagonism of the pen and the sword, or when he confessed the final supremacy of the pen. And now, the nations have learnt to read. Wherever there are half a thousand pairs of eyes, there is a book-store. The emigrant girl brings her crucifix across the sea; but the pioneer carries his little library into the wilderness. Types will undo armies. It may be doubted if works like those of Suwarrow and Vauban have not done as much to disgust men with war, as tempt them to it. We have histories of battles in profusion, but not many of them are now written in the faith of fighting. And when the people forego delicacies to buy books, the reign of muskets must yield to the reign of convictions.

The other part of this promise of literature,—as just noticed,—is not in its mere diffusion, but in its altering character. Hitherto, War has derived immense support from transmitted associations. Poetry has glorified the sabre; revenge has been made heroic; and duels have risen into the dignity of tragedy. Consider what the effect would be, if the mode only of killing were to be suddenly and universally changed, so that instead of shooting and stabbing, we must read strangulation or poison. In all bulletins, despatches, orders, and returns then, let us find so many suffocated or poisoned; the instant recoil of all sensibility would reveal the cheat practised on us by words; and with no aggravation of real cruelty, an engagement would sink into contempt. Indeed, so thoroughly has a warlike phraseology worked itself into all habits of speech, that no Peace-advocate is ever known to get far in his appeal for the millennial sheep-folds, without borrowing a figure from the camp.

The foremost literary men are beginning to disown these ambiguous services, and use language for truer ends. Only thirty-seven years ago last Christmas, in honor of the birth of the world's Divine Pacificator, the first considerable and fruitful word for measures of Peace was spoken by a plain New England preacher, Noah Worcester. Not longer ago than that, the staple of entertaining fiction was found in the palace, the tournament, the battle field, and the castle. The imagination of to-day, not less romantic, perhaps, but more eager to serve the present than to em-

balm the past, adorns the herdsman's hut, sings the song of the unpaid needle-woman, or the mourning Mexican girl ; makes a hero of some starved school boy or saintly slave ; and pictures those nobler tournaments where Labor wrestles with disappointment, Mercy calls out her crusade for captive suffering, and Justice fights her holy war with wrong. Love, not vengeance, becomes the inspiration of the Christian chivalry ; good deeds its armorial devices ; its knights-errant, good Samaritans. The issue stands, Reason or Violence ; Social Harmony or Social Hate ; Books or Bayonets ; Education or a Death-dance of terrors. When man has once sat with the docility of a true learner at the feet of Science, in that nobler school of Thought, he loses his appetite for the honors of combat.

" He who has tamed the elements, shall not live
The slave of his own passions ; he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky—
In God's magnificent works His will shall scan,
And Love and Peace shall make their Paradise with man."

If, then, you look into what does in fact form an imposing social institution, though not yet fully owned by the Christian religion,—viz. Amusements,—you find that precisely because they are not so owned, and taken in charge by a Church as catholic as nature is, they present the most palpable contradiction to all the pacific tendencies of civilization, and the most stupid adherence to military barbarisms, of any department of our life. Having gone forward in everything else, we go back to the dark ages for our public sports ; and, for want of any recreation suited to a humane people, we borrow a muster-field and a pantomime from our ancestors. Setting up some finery of stuffed coats, bear-skins and sashes, with a portion of our neighbors to serve as the vital movers and workers of the show, putting the trappings on their bodies, we contrive a well counterfeited mockery of the stern old realities of combat, and get a play-day for the children. Perhaps we ought to acknowledge our obligation to the patient gentlemen, who are willing to supply our deficiency in sensible games, by buttoning on these tedious fopperies,—so awkward to the feeling, that if you catch one of the regiment at a distance from his fellow-actors, in a common street or house, by day-light, taking him out of the countenance of the ranks, he is exercised evidently with an uncomfort-

able sense of oddity. On the whole, we can well afford to deal good-naturedly with our smart reviews, and sham-fights. They are clearly, for the most part, of the toilette department; and, as looking towards actual service, innocent of all sanguinary tastes. The parade-ground is the men's ball-room; the caps, and particolors and epaulettes of the tidy troops, are a species of male millinery. We are only slow and clumsy in learning how to be amused. These accommodating companies do what they can to help, and probably it will be a long time before considerable numbers of citizens will cease to find a kind of half-satisfactory diversion in marching up and down the pavements, instead of the sidewalks, in muddy March and dusty September, with iron in their hands, padding in their breasts, hides on their heads, and an imitation hero in front. When graver interests have had due concern, it is credible that men will at least put significance into their sports, and possibly christianize them.

So far, I have represented Christianity as counteracting war, through institutions,—the visible agents of a Christian civilization. But the argument gains directness and simplicity, when we turn from them to pure principles,—from the currents of action, which are mixed,—to unmixed ideas; from the facts of a partially christianized society, to essential, absolute truths.

Looking thus, the first fundamental to Christianity, not peculiar to it as a system, indeed, but claimed by it as a postulate, and essential to any confidence, is Justice. War involves and sanctions injustice;—injustice in its causes; injustice in its operation; injustice in its final adjustments and issues. Do not suppose me rash enough to deny that there are any wars for principle. Too often indeed, a dignified issue between Right on one side and Wrong on the other, is as foreign from the duels of nations, as from duels personal. The last century saw Europe devastated by a sanguinary policy that veered with the whims of a British queen's waiting-maids, and Marlboro's most illustrious successes dated back to the caprices of Anne's toilette. William the Conqueror sprinkled the fields of France with the ashes of towns, because some silly French courtier made merry at the fat of his body. It has not always been so. Fleshly weapons have often been taken up by the sincerest devotion. But the conception of

justice, by a fixed law, grows both accurate and comprehensive ; and as it opens, it proclaims it a crime to abandon one part of the sacred domain of right, to extend another. The radical injustice of war is, that it puts its whole apparatus at the disposal of a vicious cause, just as naturally and freely as of a righteous one ; nay, more naturally and more freely, because there is a secret harmony between violence and falsehood. The genius of oppression seeks, by instinct, the alliance of the genius of destruction, both being of Satan's family. Wars are not declared in obedience to judicial decisions ; they imply no judicial process ; they await no sentence of equity. They anticipate the awards of justice by a blind scramble of sinews. They refer to no standard but the selfish claim of the opposing parties ; they settle nothing, for the treaty comes at the end, after all, the war being only thrown in on the way to it ; they submit even the best of causes to the irrelevant, illegal arbitrament of a boxing-ring. Nay, the battle has not even the savage merit of showing strength against strength, and delivering the best man on the score of muscle ; it is an elaboration of fortuitous caprices,—the solemn inauguration of murderous accidents.

A tacit confession of this is found in the indirect exertions of modern jurisprudence and diplomacy to dispense with the encounter of armies, without disbanding them ; to make the display serve without the execution. What had the National defense, or a comparison of forces, really to do with the Oregon or the North-eastern settlements ? The battles that decided those conflicting claims, were fought in the brains of two Captain Thinkers. The laws of war are taken up into the higher laws of equity. What has been profoundly said by a philosopher is becoming one of the maxims of just statesmen,—that “it is the curse of all hostility that it puts both parties in the wrong.” The doing of God's will and Christ's work over the earth, never can be wedded to such a curse.

From justice the law of Christ expands into love. Within the rigid frame of equity it plants the throbbing heart of affection. And to descant here on the contradictions war offers, in all its spirit, all its workings, all its edicts,—every fibre of its cyclopean anatomy, against the law of love, would be only to encumber the

discussion with superfluous proofs. It makes obedience to the second table of that immortal command of Jesus, on which law and prophets hang,—a punishable sin. Let hostilities be once proclaimed between two nations, and from that hour it hangs the everlasting and instant obligation of the golden precept in suspense. It abrogates, so far forth, that Word of Heaven, which has provided no circumstance of exception. It chastises the practical discipleship to the Crucified, which feeds an enemy, as treachery against the State. It has no deadlier disgrace for Benedict Arnold than for the Englishman who, in the heat of combat, stops to comfort his Caffir brother's stripes. Hospitalities between blooming countries, divided by some narrow Frith, which some Royal quarrel, or Congressional blunder has embroiled, are criminated in an instant, like piracy or murder. When the Lord of life said, "Do good to them that hate you, bless them that use you despitefully,—love your enemies," I do not find that he made exceptions of the Cossack, or the Caffir, or the Creole.

You ask, does Christianity, then, forbid love of country? I answer, it commands the love of man. On all nationality consistent with the love of man, it drops its blessing; on no other. For it enlarges patriotism into philanthropy, as it does the provincial Judaism that adored a local Jehovah into the worship of a Father Universal. It bids us not love country less but humanity more. And when men learn the logic of the spiritual laws, it will be found that there is no patriotism so coherent and mighty as that which stands conformed to the boundless Brotherhood of the gospel. That gospel makes all human slaughter fratricide.

A monarch of the East, master of the splendid empire of the Medes and Persians, called by Æschines, in his oration against Ctesiphon, "lord of all men from the rising to the setting sun," after his ambition had once been disputed by the armies of Athens, at Sardis, caused his servant to say to him once every day, for the stimulus of his revenge, "Darius, remember the Athenians!" It is the loftier lesson of Christians, and to be recited daily till the light of the great morning of Peace touches the hills,—to remember, not their enemies for vengeance,—but all mankind, that they are brothers by blood. One of the three rules Lord Nelson laid down to his midshipmen, as having no exception, was "to

hate a Frenchman as they did the devil ; ” a comparison that you may think loses part of its force, when you consider how little likely they were to hate the devil at all, if Machiavelli was right in calling war “ a machine for making villains,”—or Bonaparte, in saying, “ that soldiers who have not vices to be managed by, should have a few planted in them by instruction.” In short, the moment you kill malice, you stop the trade of killing men.

Is it to be believed, that while human pity and human sympathy are waking into new forms of beneficent activity, all over the earth ;—and when the compassion for suffering originates a thousand plans to soften every species of its pain ; when the best impulses of kindness keep vigils over poverty that outwatch the stars ; when thoughtful merchants equip fleets to search Polar oceans for a few lost adventurers ; when the feet of charity are running up and down all the paths of earth and sea, and her intercessions are imploring Heaven, for the relief of misery ; when the sensibilities of half Christendom revolt at the penalty of a single death ; when searching students, anxious only to heal wounds, dig down through the tough strata of social prejudice and neglect, and, by discoveries matching in grandeur those that have torn off the winding-sheet of buried cities, and cast up their vanished life to light,—have entered the low catacombs of the living, and reported the sorrows of those tenants of a world beneath a world, —the London poor ; when the costermonger is introduced to the nobleman, and aristocracy sits down to meat with beggary, and mercy builds a hospital for every sorrow of the flesh and the mind, —is it to be believed that men will much longer continue to plot mutual torture, and pour showers of agony from the mouths of mortars ? God never so denies his providence.

There is another principle of Christianity. It makes its appeal, always, to those higher sentiments, which glance across the average level of our life,—yield us passing glimpses of the glory of truth,—reveal the standard of the future by brief visions in purer moments, and, as if leading men up into hill-tops, bid them go and do all things “ after the pattern shown them in the mount.” Thus the plane of moral conviction is constantly shifted upward. In this confident appeal from worn usages to fresh intuitions lies much of the gospel philosophy of reform. Now, I need feel no

scruple in affirming that these purer, clearer insights of the soul are always on the side of Peace. They are so, even with soldiers, in whom a long practice in bloodshed has blunted the moral perception. Napoleon, pronouncing war the trade of barbarians, confessing at last that the more he studied the world, the more he was convinced of the inability of mere force to create anything durable ; the Duke of Luxembourg, declaring he would cherish more gratefully the recollection of giving a cup of cold water to a sufferer, than of all his bloody victories ; the celebrated French marshal, offering as a hearty toast,—“ The pacific union of the human family,—the annihilation of war,—the transformation of armies into industrious laborers, consecrating their lives to the cultivation and embellishment of the world ; ” a living general* of the French army writing to the last year’s Peace Congress at London, — “ I have assisted at all the sanguinary dramas which desolated Europe for more than twenty years, and of all scourges that can afflict the world, I pronounce war the most terrible,”—these testify to that eternal Christian fact,—the supremacy of spiritual power over physical,—ideas over arms,—convictions over edicts, love over hate.

Christianity abolishes the distinction between private virtue and public virtue, requiring morality of the nations. And so it construes the declarations of international hostility, and the bragging challenges of prize-fighters, by one and the same rule.

Christianity places the means in the same category with the end, demanding the same virtue of both. Byron writes :

“ It is the cause makes all,
Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.”

Christianity rejoins that there never yet was a cause good enough to hallow an unrighteous instrument. And so when some sleepy politician, whose better nature outran his consistency, put that solecism into our late Mexican treaty,—the provision that no future war between the two countries should ever fail to be conducted on Christian principles,—Christianity replies that there are no Christian principles for a custom that denies every Christ-like word, and undoes every Christ-like work.

* Subervie.

Ascending still along the grades of Christian truth, we rise to the worship and love of God. Here, in religion proper, we find what we fail to find any where below it, the sanction of an unerring authority ; and here we meet the crowning reason which clasps and ratifies all that have gone before. The restraints of state policy are not enough. Some angry emperor, or clutching cabinet, may devise a cruel campaign, contrary to all the wisest deductions of history, and the safest rules of political economy. You must plant the pacific principles of people and rulers on their religion ; intertwine their natural horror at bloodshed with their loyalty to the Master ; strengthen the hands that refrain from robbery by a conscience toward Heaven,—and then you make them all as immovable as the old Theban Legion.

Even if the governments, therefore, were to espouse the doctrine of Hobbes,—that *war is the natural state of man*, the Church will still, according to my argument, have a right to say back to governments,—It is not the Christian state of man ; the Redeemer and his religion are against it. In that gracious interposition and divine miracle, whereby Grace heals the disorders of nature, and transcends her scope while restoring her from her lapse,—War stands a forbidden thing. There is no translation of the New Testament yet,—not even that late Hungarian version that narrows the world-wide benediction of the angels' anthem into a promise of peace to the haters and killers of tyrants,—no translation of the Good Tidings, that will justify vengeance of any of her children.

The central and all-comprehending meaning of the cross is, that sacrifice is greater than mastership ; that undying love needs no furtherance from the captains of armies and slayers of men ; that peace is not to be conquered but lived ; that the kingdom of Heaven comes faster and farther by patient well-doing, than by heroic hatred. We only want height and breadth of spiritual stature enough for that faith ; to act as its expounders, and to die, if need be, its confessors. The only bloodshed whereby Christianity proposes to enlarge its church, or speed its advent, is the blood shed from the veins of its incarnate Founder and his witnesses,—the blood of sufference,—the blood of reconciliation,—of a crucified Lamb, and his enduring martyrs.—

When the regenerate and believing nations are all ranged round Him who is head over all things to the Church, — the good Shepherd of the sheep, who came to make all tribes and tongues and peoples One, with their faces bending in reverence and trust towards that central Lord, — then will they be turned also to one another, standing face to face, and seeing eye to eye.

I know of scarcely a more touching concession of the incompatibility between war and worship, wrung from the honest breast of Paganism itself, than the consecration to unbroken peace of that island in the Egean sea, where the Athenians had built a sanctuary to the gods. Even a veneration that knew not Messiah, kept the spot clean from the pollutions of battles, and amidst domestic and foreign campaigns, Delos drank no blood. Yet commanders still coax pliant Christians to worship a splendor that carries all uncleanness and sensuality, hidden under its robes, — a glory of a day, that trails after it blood, pauperism, lust, sloth, drunkenness, revellings and murder, down the turbid stream of years.

You will hardly have supposed, I trust, gentlemen of the American Peace Society, — even if no allusions had pointed in that direction already, — that I could pass by, or around, to-night, what lies so obviously in the way as the present issue into which our Cause is brought, by the projects lately broached in the country, for armed Intervention.

If I understand them, these projects propose to encourage and assist citizens of foreign countries, in revolutionary measures, for the overthrow or rejection of oppressive forms of government; or, as tributary to that end, and involving its principles, to resist the allies of one party, for the sake of easing the conflict to the other. As to the question of abstract right or wrong, it is plain that all foreign countries stand on the same grounds of claim towards us: Sardinia, Hungary, the Punjaub, Brazil or Cuba. Either of these countries or provinces has only to show a general desire for an onset of violence in behalf of equity of privilege against the existing government, and, if the projects are right, we are obligated to a voluntary crusade in their behalf, with money or guns.

Such movements, I apprehend, must plant themselves on one of two positions, in order to maintain any consistency. They

must, on the one hand, declare forcible opposition to all interference of one government in the affairs of another, which is the popular statement at present, — in which case, observe, we should be rigidly held to fight back a Hungarian Republic, five years hence, from interfering to help a republican struggle in Italy against the encroaching empire of France, a most awkward termination of our premises: or else, on the other hand, we must abandon the favorite formula of intervention to resist interference, and plant ourselves on the ground of a universal and armed propagandism over the world, of our own views of civil society, a ground somewhat too delirious to win sober supporters. I see no escape from choosing between a possible warfare against aggressive democracy on one side, and a military patronage of all sincere yearnings for democratic innovations, on the other. There is certainly matter for much Christian deliberation on both.

This dilemma respects principles alone, all the special adjuncts of circumstance apart. If, now, we add to the strength of the principle, the probable incompetency of judgment, on the part of the people of one country, to enter intelligently and thoroughly into the bearings of another's politics, — an incompetency so obvious in the instance lately thrust before us, that there is no hazard in affirming that of the several thousands who have invested in Hungarian Bonds, — to say nothing of any knowledge of the substantial readiness or fitness of the Magyar race for self-government, there are not three-score men who can tell you accurately what the actual strife so far has been for, — its intrinsic merits or its veritable and definite objects, — then we shall be forced to conclude that the science of intervention is yet in a very void state, and needs nothing so much as a grammar of its rudiments. Whoever, on such premises, will espouse the fiendish hazards of a war, or offer the minutest contribution to the opening of its fiery throat, let him look forward into the portentous perspective; let him get a prevision of the horrors of the siege and the fury of the field; let him count before-hand, if he can, the agonies of families and the sensual degradations of the troops; and let him behold, at the end, the uncertain arbitration of the battle, — the trembling scales, not of justice, but of violence and cunning, — and, if he is a Christian soul, he will not so much *hesitate* at the awful responsibility, as he will recoil from it as from a malediction.

We are all familiar with the adroit attempt to make the alternative here between Liberty by the sword, and Peace with oppression. Nothing can be more plausible and captivating to the instincts of a freedom-loving and independent nation, than an appeal to arms, based on that alternative. There are two answers. Give back to Liberty what she has lost by war-making, and she can well afford to give in exchange every thing she has gained. "From the moment you build barracks about your large towns," says Chatham to his countrymen, — "from that moment, farewell to the *liberties* of England." We are apt to look more at the warlike conquests of freedom and independence over tyranny, than at the conquests of tyranny over freedom. If you cite the benefits of the French Revolution, I cite, again, the long sleep of society in fetters created on the same soil, by the Roman subjugation of the Gauls, eighteen centuries before. In the long run, Tyranny is the legitimate gainer by war, not Liberty.

For, in the next place, things bear affinity which follow the same laws. The reasoning of God's providence is always consequential. Despotism loves war, because, in its whole genius and workings, despotism is according to the laws of war, — which are passion, caprice, violence and injustice. Freedom, on the other hand, if she knows herself, loves peace, because freedom is according to the laws of peace, — which are order, purity, equity and amity. In the thought of God, all Truth is one; so it will finally appear in the institutions of men. And hence, looking above temporary confusions of provocation and sophistries of circumstance, the servants of Truth have no liberty to invent a process to reconcile the doing of one wrong, like war, with the abolition of another, like oppression.

For these reasons, I push my case on, beyond all economies and expedencies, before every question of price or policy, or even pain, to the bar of the Highest and Best, to the tribunal of Absolute Right, to the judgment-seat of Christ. War-advocates, short of Christian arguments, are very prone to throw up a redoubt of some supposable extreme instance of outrage and resistance. The clear behests of the Father of Love in his Son are not to be embarrassed by these cavils about imaginary montrosities and hypothetical invasions. They are an impertinence.

In the first place, God has let in among the nations too many

natural checks on public crime to leave one of these unprovoked and savage assaults a probable thing any longer. Why attempt to debilitate undeniable principles by ideal extremities of wrong, which are as practically certain to be provided for by uneducated instincts, when they appear, as they are unlikely to appear at all. If, by some infatuation of folly, one of the European powers should go abroad to act the outlaw and high-way robber, its victim would not probably apply to the Peace Society for rules of proceeding, any more than a stout fugitive slave would, if overtaken in Ohio by a feeble and solitary pursuer. What then? War is no less the giant crime and remorseless iniquity it was before Cæsar trained his Prætorians; the Peace Society is no less Christian and just in its doctrine; there is no less need of the active recognition and promulgation of its lesson of pacific arbitration. Nay,—what is more to the point,—any such act of wanton aggression will owe both its origin and its mischief to precisely that general war-system, which the nations have hitherto fostered, a scorpion, in their bosom. The precise object of the anti-war agitation, is to produce that public conviction at large, and that custom of governments, when the irruption could not happen. It hopes to make the world so right-hearted, at last, that predatory Czars, Emperors, Nephews or Presidents, shall not be found prowling about their neighbors' premises, bent on burglary. It will be glad to forestall these forays, less by a Police, than by common sense and a Christian conscience,—not obsolete but growing forces in the world. It would imprint the maxim that it is not good that fighting should be done, on the People's will,—and the People's will is the only dynasty of the future. Then it will be just as inevitable to restrain the army-maker by the ballot-box, as it once was to make armies by the bugle-blast.

But how are the people to get the ballot-box into their hands, you ask,—that they may rule by it peaceably? Must there not be revolution to unseat the tyrant, and so clear a field for free opinion to exercise its bloodless command? Not of course. Not at any rate, nor by any means, to the extent that hasty indignation and Fillibuster sympathy would presume. Possibly, not at all. Waiving, for a moment, the law of Christ, which still stands peremptory, however,—I remind you that Republicanism is of no

use, but quite the contrary, to a nation that has not a general republican manhood. Let the People be really ripe for independency, and they will not need to do much fighting to gain it. The vital question about republican movements at this moment, is not, as many seem to suppose, whether it would be better that Governments should be Republican than Monarchist,—but whether there are moral republicans enough in a given nation, to make the assertion of their Political Faith anything else than an internecine, disastrous, exterminating encounter;—a question not to be met by chivalric exhortations to ardent blood, and one on which the last three years of French history have put a dubious complexion. Because an excursion through the United States converts an intelligent gentleman and statesman from aristocratic to democratic ideas, does it follow that the hundreds of thousands of peasants in Central Europe are instantaneously enlightened as to the duties of suffrage, even if they could be instigated to contend for the *right*? It seems to be forgotten that the crown is still propped by an army of Royalists, who are Royalists by association and choice, as well as by pay. Otherwise the tyrant would only have to be deposed by a judicial process, as bloodlessly as the Athenians tried Miltiades. What is gained of time, by Civil War, is lost in all the better properties of national life. The captivating theory of going into a general continental emancipation by “one good, round, last fight more,” forgets that War is the greatest war-maker in the world, and that it follows the law of propagation, producing after its own kind.

Unsatisfactory comfort, you say, to the present sufferers of political disability! Several things are unsatisfactory; one of them would be for the rank and file of your revolutionary army to be shot by the regulars. Looking at War as a system, it is only effrontery to pretend that it respects the *abstract principle of right*, when it culls out a certain portion of a people to go and be stabbed, any more than a Monarch does when he disfranchises his subjects. After all, Revolution is not a question between abstract Right and abstract Wrong,—it is a balancing of evils against evils, and wrongs against wrongs. That question is adjudicated at the Court of Expediency,—a high expediency, I grant,—to be afterwards finally settled by that unmoral umpirage, a Fight.

To wait a few years, more or less, is what the unconquerable tendencies to human equity can now, thank Heaven, afford. It allows an accumulation of that resolve and intelligence that liberal governments, even in their inception, need. It lets the friends of freedom multiply into a majority. It is wiser than war. No fears of another universal trance of apathy ! Thought,—child of the Providential ages, has been waked so wide that no superstitious lullabies will put it to sleep again. The sun is up, and the shadow will not go back on the dial.

There is an irreligious impatience, Christians, in these clamors for European risings, not worthy of our Christian confidence. When American believers in the unity of mankind's destiny, buy ammunition to inflame foreign insurrections, let us forgive much, everything, to the noble zeal of the expatriated patriots that urge the bounty ; but they still make a dreary loss of serene faith in Immortal Truth, in the Omnipotence of the Messiah's love. They come down from the visions opened by all the wondrous predictions of a Spiritual Philosophy and an inspired History, to try the solemn veracities of God by weapons of mortal edge. It is a step backward. I know the old Roundhead proverb that couples dry powder with trust in Heaven ; but the spirit of that maxim came never out of the loftiest elements in the Puritan's nature. It came from some lingering taint of that grosser, earthlier, older man, which it was his pride, but not always his achievement, to have put quite off. And you may mark, that wherever that trenchant maxim has been revived since, it has been when a purely moral reform was passing into a corrupter stage, taking on the adulteration of a vexed and angry eagerness,—getting estranged from prayer, and from Calvary. It is so in the combined resistance of arms to that barbarous statute which turns freemen into companions of the man-hunter's hounds ; it is so in the pugnacious rhetoric of the plat-forms of intervention. It is the dead fly in the unction of the Slave's most eloquent advocates ; it is the foolish rejoinder of unthinking impulse to the wail of sorrowful, gifted, impassioned exiles. It is not to be made otherwise than profane and false, by all the miseries of a miserable servitude ; it is not to be sanctified by all the pathos that blends those lyric and holy names, Genius and Patriotism.

For citizens of prosperous America to refuse co-operation in trans-Atlantic revolutions is pronounced a selfish caution. If selfishness is the motive, then the motive is accursed. From every page of the Evangelists, and from every breath of the disinterested Lord, selfishness gains no other message than condemnation. But as I am unable to discern the proofs of a very brave self-sacrifice in the donation of a few superfluous dollars, or vocal hosannas, or vanity-fair processions,—so am I sacredly forbidden to honor any deed as philanthropy which heightens the load of suffering by cheap instigations to an ineffectual, or even a problematical struggle of arms; or which undertakes the repeal of any decree of despotism, by instruments of essential inhumanity, smitten as they are with the accumulating anathema of outraged generations of men.

It becomes those ordained apostles in churches, who, under an afflatus of popular enthusiasm, have swung clean athwart the old standing-point of Peace, and, possibly denying some ancient Christmas sermons, have, at any rate, grown shamefully bloody of speech, brandished metaphorical swords over pulpits, and volunteered to bless the banners of interventionist campaigns,—to remember that ideas carry no weapons. They make their way, as sunbeams do, by the penetrative energy of their own light. It is only when they lose the dignity of faith in their own immortality, that they take up stones to cast at their enemies. Passions are always ready for a fight. Their nature is gladiatorial. They are born and bred in the ring. They are never more jubilant than when ideas come down from their Olympus to beg an interference in some celestial quarrel; and they win their proudest advantage when they are invited to pick up bludgeons out of the dirt to fight the battles of the gods. It would be a small thing now to plead for Peace as better than the old wars of theft and lust. Her cause in this age, is a higher one; Thought has lifted her plane, and we must go up with it;—her last task is to show that she is to be as reverently kept in the conflict of principles as in the conflict of instincts; that war is no more the friend of liberty than a child of the gospel. Too many, too many of our ordained divines preach Christ with some tinge of the temper of that rude, old Frankish chieftain, Clovis, who muttered, on hearing the evangelical narrative of the Saviour's sacrifice, "If I had only been there

with my Franks, I would have avenged his injury." It is said that in the time of Charlemagne, there was introduced, among the more refined implements of warfare that superseded the bare legs, rough lance and wicker shield of the Gauls, a heavy club shod with iron knots; and that this weapon was adopted into special favor among the ecclesiastics, because they could thus pummel the enemy without the unprofessional sin of shedding blood. Our armed missionaries for Christian liberty, when they lay down the sword of the Spirit, and the preparation of the gospel of peace, and undertake to fight without violence, will want some of these clubs that kill without murder.

Few things put a gloomier discouragement on the toils of Truth than to see any ground which her slow advances have wrested from Prejudice and Error, voluntarily abandoned back, in some overflow of sympathetic fervor. Recantations of the doctrines of Peace by men who had once spoken the watchwords of Bethlehem are tokens how much our preaching runs from the average feeling of society, rather than the deep wells of a heavenly Oracle. What pliant faiths are these, that can be enchanted out of their consistency by a vivid story of wrong,—enticed to surrender their articles of enlistment to the Prince of concord, by the recruiting officers of any service;—can let any eloquence, though it be that of Demosthenes and Chrysostom combined, unteach them the sermon on the mount? *Blessed are the proud in spirit; blessed are they that make the widow and fatherless to mourn; blessed are the revengeful, who desolate the earth; blessed are they who do hunger after power, and thirst for carnage; blessed are the cruel, that know no mercy; blessed are the foul in heart, and sensual in life, and profane of speech, for of such are armies made; blessed are the warmakers; blessed are they which pillage, burn and destroy, for they blaspheme the mercy of Heaven!* These are the soldier's beatitudes!

I push the case on, then, not only beyond policy and expediency, beyond economy and precedents, but beyond ill-considered appeals to an ill-balanced sympathy, or vague acclamations for revolutionary courage. The conclusions of our argument pronounce that no man, henceforth, harnessing himself for bloodshed, or drilling battalions for national butchery, may lawfully feel himself to

be doing Christ's work. The use which the whole War-system puts men to is not Christ's use. The upper chamber at Jerusalem and every battle-field are wide apart. To create a unison between the orders of the camp, and the new commandment to love one another, is beyond all the science of sounds,—all the dexterity of metaphysicians, all the exhortations of zeal. They are not at one, but in irreconcilable and everlasting discord. Christ teaches that every human body is a temple of the Spirit, to be consecrated and spent in well-doing ; War, that it is a target to be set up for marksmen,—a fibre to be riddled with bullets,—a composition to flesh sabres and spears. Christ shows us life as a sublime trust,—the lending of Almighty love, to be reckoned for to the Almighty Justice ; War, as the bauble of jealous princes,—the foot-ball of palaces,—the contemptible trifle under the heel of Wrath. Christ says, by his apostle, " If thine enemy hunger feed him ; " War,—stab him, rob him, pollute him, maim or slay him. Christ declares it the immortal office of governments to encourage the doing of all generous deeds, to guard the welfare and virtue of the citizens ; War, to vindicate an ambassador's vanity by the blood of innocent thousands,—to indemnify their outward credit by the sacrifice of immortals. Christ comes to save life,—be it the life that now is, or life eternal. War, to destroy both. On this contrast we are willing to rest our cause.

Is it not a pitiful evasion of the logical action of the propositions advanced, to raise against them those great historic examples, where a devout conscience toward God tolerated a bloody hand towards man ? If I am invited to harmonize these positions with the events of the American Revolution, and the characters of the Christian Generals, I refer once more to the inadequacy of all precedents to sanctify a wrong which a clear interpretation of the heavenly word to-day rebukes. I point also to that glimmering sense of right, which was not without a voice even among those that made the war, and which launched many a noble protest against the colonial policy. The eighteenth of November, 1777, was a kind of Sabbath in the British Parliament. For on that day, standing in his place in the House of Lords, the Duke of Richmond said to the ministry waging the American war,—"I know that what I am going to say is not fashionable language ;

but a time will come when every one of us must give account of himself to God. How can we justify causing the loss of so many innocent lives?" The court-preachers might be dumb, but God, in his mercy, sometimes sends a witness-bearer into the councils of statesmen, when the hireling shepherd fleeth.

You might as well justify the inquisition by Loyola's prayers, or the hangings for witchcraft by Sir Matthew Hale's integrity, as fighting by Washington's humanity. Nor is this plea of an advanced standard of moral life, amenable to the charge of vanity. It is God that leads and informs the centuries, not men. The growing spiritual wisdom of a Christian age is the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. If a weak cause will invert reason, and try to prove war in keeping with religion, by instancing the military saints, it cannot shelter its absurdity under a pretence of humility. It will be as false modesty towards our colossal revolutionary ancestors, to abstain from the truth about war, as to scruple at running locomotives because the Puritans went horseback. Heaven has opened the windows of the morning, not our fingers. Nor can we shut back the purple flood from the valleys by any superstitious veneration for the retiring grandeurs of the night. Let us dismiss our childish petulance at reform, as if every fresh disclosure, how Christ has called *us* to peace, summoned the ancient heroes from their graves for a reprimand. Were we half as faithful to what the Spirit teaches as they were, the world would be such a garden of pacific and Christian labor, as it certainly is not. For Thomas Jefferson, in his unqualified reproach of war, said, "It multiplies instead of indemnifying losses;" Franklin said, "It would be better for nations to settle their difficulties by the cast of a die;" and Samuel Adams said, "It is the disgrace of human reason."

Here, gentlemen, is the sum of the doctrine. War is the intrinsic, irreconcilable antagonist of Christianity. We oppose it by stimulating those great pacific agencies of society, and institutions of our civilization, which enthrone Christ in his spiritual glory among the nations. Governments, as they more and more execute their legitimate and lofty office, scorn its aid. Productive labor, in every department, protests against its wanton mischief. Literature, with ten thousand tongues,—the most eloquent of the times,—the foremost modern philosopher of Germany,—the most original and accomplished of the statesmen of America,—the bravest reformers and the most prophetic poet of England,—the leading Tribune-orators of France,—Literature lifts up the remonstrance of all reason and imagination. Even our innocent pleasures add their rebuke. And when we turn our ear from the visible Christianity to the invisible, from facts to principles—then justice, reaching forth her scrupulous balance, utters a clearer and clearer interdict. Brotherly love averts its celestial face. The love of

God proclaims its supreme behest. All the spirit, life, power, word, gospel of Jesus blend in a holy alliance to put the weary, wounded, bleeding world, at Peace. They point to the rising of a new day over the troubled field of strife, and over all its crimson mist, with healing in its beams. They re-affirm that infinite Hope, inborn in Humanity, as it is immortal in History, of a Future Reign of Heavenly Glory on the earth. Of the millennial period, however the varying creeds of Christendom have shaped shifting conceptions of its character, it is a significant correspondence, that all alike agree in holding Peace an invariable attribute.

But there is a special office, also, entrusted to the true workers in this Reform. International Jurisdiction is as definite a cause for the nineteenth century, as Trial by Jury was to the ninth. It will yet be felt to be as barbarous that nations should fight, for want of a grand Court of Equity, as that individuals should, for want of local Courts of Law. Parliaments of Peace for countries, will be as essential an appendage to the civilization of the Future, as domestic Legislatures are now. Truth is making her unarmed voyage of invasion over all oceans; her army of occupation pitch their tents on every land; her melodies ascend into all the skies. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that publish peace!"

It may serve the narrow schemes of vicious politicians, to discredit the heavenly economy of the New Testament. But the sneers of selfish Senates cannot strangle the vitality of Truth, nor the petty craft of Cabinets falsify the articulate promises of God. If "Commerce is the Locomotive of Principles," so is there a Church preparing which shall be the Sower of the Spirit,—scattering over the earth the quickening inspirations of Love. And if we have come to an age when the "bayonets think," it must lead in another when the Bible is believed.

final superseding of armaments; the creation of that peaceful Opinion which is the Heir-apparent and only Autocrat of all the world.

Go on, then, friends of Peace, friends of Man, friends of Jesus of Nazareth! Organize and enthrone this penetrating and growing sentiment of Christendom. Concentrate wise men's thoughts. Bring those two invincible commanders, Logic and Love, against the hereditary league of Hatred and Ambition, Steel and Lead. Reduce Armies. Disburthen industry of exorbitant budgets of taxation. Release the laborer from the barbarous compulsion to military service. Cease to put the Purpose and Provocation to Fratricide into uniform. Speed the reciprocities of commercial good-will. Advance the cheapening of postage. Multiply institutions that encircle more peoples than one in their embrace. Set the problem of disarmament where public and private eyes cannot

help beholding it if they would. Discountenance loans and appropriations for War. Every way, turn its crimson glories pale ; pull the fopperies from its deformity, and the feathers from its drunken head. Wipe out its pauperisms, its blasphemies, its red spots of blood. Get the whole planet for an audience to your argument. Prove that the nations have a conscience, — a heart. Merge creeds in religion, and parties in politics, for this grand, this sincere crusade of the Cross. Propagate it ; sow, water, and

Hitherto, and till that Great Hour of Providence strikes, there is strength in armies ; there is solid masonry in forts ; there is terror in the brazen lungs that roar from the loopholes of navies ; and there *once was* unction in military chaplain's prayers. But there is one thing all their power, and persuasion, and prayers cannot do ; they cannot annul the precept of the Master. "Put up thy sword into its place : Blessed are the Peacemakers." Iron batteries cannot blast that heavenly writing from the page ; all the sophisms of Revenge cannot exorcise its faithful echo from the deep soul of man. What is wanted now for the Pacification of nations is not declamatory portrayals of the crimes and horrors and costs of battle,—for in these a thousand tongues of orators and poets are before us ; but rather a resolute and fearless grappling with the only practical methods of a Christian reform ; moral agitation ; erection of international councils, judicatures, congresses ; stipulated arbitration ; the abatement and nourish it ; petition for it ; supplicate rulers and legislators ; supplicate the intuitions of humanity ; supplicate that Almighty Ruler whose throne is in the heavens,—who maketh Wars to cease in the earth !

Brave work of honest hands, and truth from loving lips ; Faith in the Son of God, and the apostleship of Charity ; these are both corner-stones and builders, walls and worshippers, in the great structure of the coming time. Only let good men watch, and kneel, and toil, and with the power of the old prophets, in the gentleness of Jesus, under the internal anointing of the Paraclete, they shall enthrone Religion in her pure and peaceable dominion over all the distracting causes of our prosperity. Prison doors will be opened to slaves. Mercy will tame Revenge. Pity will seek and save the lost ones of the family. Forgiveness will wash the feet of homesick Penitence. Love, cleansing the garments rolled in blood, will make them white as her own innocent hands. Above all the agitations of this solemn sea of life and thought, God holds the balances of his justice, and "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

"Down the dark Future, through long generations,
The sounds of strife grow fainter, and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace !'"